

SUNDAY GLOBE-REPUBLIC

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SUNDAY GLOBE-REPUBLIC,
Springfield, O.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

FOR THIS LOCALITY, AS REPORTED BY J. DUNN,
REPLYING FOR THE GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

January 9, 1885.

Time	Temp.	Wind	Weather
6:30 A. M.	25°	N. W.	Clear
9:00 " "	25°	N. W.	Clear
12:00 " "	25°	N. W.	Clear
3:00 " "	25°	N. W.	Clear
6:00 " "	25°	N. W.	Clear

Mean temperature, 25° above zero. Temperature at 5 A. M. 18° above zero. Temperature at 10 A. M. 25° above zero. Temperature at 1 P. M. 25° above zero. Temperature at 5 P. M. 25° above zero. Temperature at 9 P. M. 25° above zero.

SUNDAY MORNING JAN. 11, 1885.

THE MASCULINE BALD HEAD.

"Go up, thou bald head." Imagine yourself in the situation—venerable skull with merry crowds of flies skating over it, the sunlight making a great rolypoly moon of it, and the breezes blowing a sense of nakedness across its vast exposure—the strange mob of wicked boys about you, with their abominable young heads decked with abominably glorious hair. Even if the boys had behaved reverently and decently, you would have felt as itching all over your shiny pate to scalp them. What fight have splendid suits of youthful hair to come bobbing about an old bald head, anyhow? But, when they come as these scriptural youths did, ridiculing you and making you angrier at the uncovered posture of your intellect than you were of your own accord—why, then let loose the bears! The bears in the case performed a sacred duty.

No one but feels bald-headedness to be an imposition. No one acquiesces in the unroofing of his phenological edifice. The process by which a man is defrauded of his equitable share of the hair allotted to the universal pinnacle of mankind is felt to be a bare swindle. When the process is perceived to be beginning, the man resents it, and bristles up about it, and defends against it to the last pin-feather. He won't have it. He puts the barbers on it with their washings, and scourgings, and shampooings, and shinglings, and shavings. He hires the tonsorialist to rub the immortal scalp out of his scalp. He precipitates himself upon the drag-store and buys more than a million consecutive washes—wash after wash—that have been patented and certified (sworn affidavits in the newspapers, with name and residence) to grow hair on a healthy billiard-ball.

But all in vain. Day by day he sees his glory fade. The hairs of his head are numbered (a couple of dozen or so). A shining piece of his mind as big as a trade-dollar takes the place of the cowlick on his crown. It gradually spreads forward over his moral faculties, and finally meets his westward-bound forehead on the 180th meridian. At last it is day all over his upper hemisphere. To change the figure, his noble and commanding dome of thought stands out in all the innocent nakedness of its unadorned architecture.

How many a man has this capital affliction—in fact, this d-d-dome of the capital affliction—battled! Old men naturally expect it, though why they should, any more than old women, the reader is not advised, and it is not to be advised at present. But it is a noticeable and very remarkable fact that old age generally takes from man his suit of hair, while it leaves woman hairless. How common is the bald-headed old man, and how rare the bald old woman? Some of this difference may be due to the shocking audacity with which the old gent naturally thrusts his bare pate into society and the charming propriety with which the old lady artificially conceals hers from the vulgar gaze. But it is not all due to that, by any means. We all know, of our own intimacy with old people, that there are a hundred masculine bald heads among a thousand feminine. The why this is thus is a question further along.

But the bald head is not—if it ever was, it is no longer—confined to old age. A bald-headed young woman, it is true, is an astonisher; but the bald-headed young man is all the go. He may not like the fashion, yet he is fashionable. The frequent skinny skulls of young gentlemen bobbing round in genteel society are noticeable—or, rather, so frequent as not to be noticeable. In fact, a young man's bald head has almost ceased to be a mark of distinction. It has almost ceased to be regarded as one of the symptoms of a gigantic mind, as it used to be.

It was once supposed that only young brains that were on the bulge—fiery brains that burned up the youthful hair—were subject to baldness. Great Caesar was the first Napoleon had thin hair. Shakespeare is represented with a forehead higher than his head. Assemblages of distinguished men, courts, congresses, senators, were observed to display an extraordinary number of bare patches and open barrens on their lofty summits. Hence, there was little or no hair on top of a young or middle-aged man, brains were looked for.

But now it is not so much so. Because nowadays young fellows who are scarcely out of their teens, and some of whom have little to lose from their heads but hair, shed that with the prodigality of genius. The number of really innocent but entirely respectable young men who are at this moment gadding round under bare polls is too numerous to be any longer surprising.

It is to be remarked that premature

half-headedness is a sign of a certain kind of culture. It is a city fashion. The young rural roosters do not take to it much. The great, grand shocks of hair that still crown the farmers' sons are a sight to see. If you want to take cognizance of the demands which our civilization makes upon the hair, you must go into the stores and offices of our towns and cities.

And thus you are led to inquire into the causes of the masculine bald head. Why is it that there are so very many more bald-pated old men than ditto old women?

Some say that men do more thinking, and think their hair off. This won't do at all, for where the woman has intellect enough, as she often has, to be the head of the family, she still has the hair of the head of the family.

Others maintain that it is because men wear unventilated hats and women don't. There is probably something in this; but, if it were sufficient, then it would explain why the old farmers, who wear their hats all the time except when they eat and sleep, are not more generally bald—and the old lawyers, who rarely have their hats on. The in-door, unhabited people of the stores and offices, as has been remarked, are the balddest part of our population, while their wives and daughters have as good hair, on the average, as the women of the country.

What, then, is the reason that men—old or young—so far outstrip women in bald-headedness? There are two reasons—there is a third, which is too physiological to discuss here—that seem to us to account for it.

But any adequate discussion of the two reasons would extend this article to undue proportions; and therefore we must necessarily defer it to another issue of the SUNDAY GLOBE-REPUBLIC. Look for the remainder of the Bald Head next Sunday.

OPINIONS OF GRAHAM DEWELL.

Graham Dewell, Esq., is a respectable and influential colored lawyer of this city. He is also a politician of some prominence. He was one of the alternate delegates from this congressional district to the last Republican national convention.

Mr. Dewell was therefore expected to have opinions as to a Republican candidacy for the governorship of Ohio. On the 22nd of December, 1884, the GLOBE-REPUBLIC, after a full consultation with Mr. Dewell at his office, published his opinion, as follows:

Dewell in Globe-Republic, Dec. 28, 1884.

"I do not believe there is any disposition for any considerable extent; I believe Judge Foster is a friend to the colored race. . . . For governor my choice lies among the following: Ohio statesmen: Judge Foster, General J. Warren Keifer, John Beatty, or General R. P. Kennedy. . . . Of course, right here in Springfield, where Rev. G. A. was lived, there is a few colored men opposed to Foster, but I think it is only those who are directly interested in the case. . . . It is my firm belief that no trace of disaffection to Judge Foster can be found among the great body of colored people in Ohio."

Well, any man is liable to change his opinions. Without change, there is no progress.

The Democratic members of the legislature are represented to be nearly a unit in opposition to the submission of a prohibitory amendment. Governor Hoadly's message will strengthen them in that faith. It will take three Republican votes in the house to submit a license amendment. These may be found in Stryker and Peet, of Hamilton, Ryan of Scioto, and Haley of Cayahoga. A license amendment may be got before the voters of Ohio, after all; but, if it is, it will share the fate of its predecessors, at the hands of the small liquor-men and the prohibitionists.

The "Tichborne claimant," who was proved to be a fraud by being proved to be an Arthur Orton, and put in the penitentiary for it, but who still stoutly maintains that he is the veritable Roger Tichborne, will be pleased to learn that he is not Arthur Orton, at least; for Edmund Orton comes forward now with the news, by telegraph from San Francisco, that he has found and identified his brother Arthur Orton in an insane-asylum at Sidney, New South Wales. Score one for the Tichborne claimant.

Felix Duryo, a celebrated French cook, had died leaving \$50,000 to two nephews, on condition that they have a famous recipe of his engraved on his tombstone with his epitaph. It is not stated what the recipe is for; but, if it will tell the average hotel bashaw how to put chop and beef and potatoes and onions together so as to make the most taste as it used to be a boy's mother brought it on to the breakfast table of a cold winter morning, it ought to be put on the granite in letters an inch deep and a foot long.

The hope that Gov. Oglesby may have the opportunity to appoint Senator Logan to be his own successor will not be realized. The appointment can not be made unless the legislature adjourns without electing; and, as each legislator gets \$5 a day as long as he stays, there are enough members who can not make the half of that at home to keep the thing tied the year round. If Logan gets elected, he will have to have a Democratic vote, which they say he will never get.

Phelan, when he lay hacked to pieces on the sidewalk in front of O'Donovan's, was asked if he wanted a minister or priest. "No," said he, "I don't want anybody. I don't believe in any religion. I am a follower of Bob Ingersoll." If Col. Bob had been there, he might have felt proud of his follower—and then again he mightn't. Bob is an alleged gospel of peace and good-will. No killing or dynamiting in Robert's heavenly scheme of the universe. This man Phelan is a bad disciple.

General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" has reached its fifth edition, and is still selling at the rate of seventy a day. This is one of the most successful romances that have ever been written in America since Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is a stilted story of most inartistic improbabilities, and bears about the same relation to literature that Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy does to poetry. But Tupper sold enormously at one time.

The New-Orleans exposition is languishing. It has not met with proper support from the citizens of New Orleans. In a recent dispatch from there, however, it is stated that "no one here seems to doubt that in case of absolute necessity congress will come to the rescue of the present management." This is what we anticipated, but we hardly looked for it so soon.

The New-York Tribune says that Grant's refusal to be helped by his warm personal friends will add to the admiration with which his fellow-countrymen already regard him. This is a stupid sort of rich man's twaddle, without any thought in it that could be defined. Why should he not be helped, and why be admired for refusing to be?

The New-England Divorce-Reform League, at their fifth annual meeting Wednesday in Boston, resolved to make themselves a national league. There is a lively awakening all over the country on the alarming increase of divorce. It is beginning to be thought a good thing to return to the old-fashioned ideas of marriage.

The council of Keokuk, Iowa, adopted a resolution Monday night declaring the prohibitory liquor-law a failure, and asserting that moral suasion, with a rigid license law, is the only remedy. They ask for a special session of the legislature to repeal the law. This is plain news, without an opinion.

The sentiment of the Republican party of Ohio in favor of masterly inactivity at present in the legislature on the liquor question is almost unanimous, so far as heard from. But Thorpe of Ashtabula and the rest of the Western Reserve have not yet been heard from.

The Mormons have increased in this country about 600 per cent since 1850. When men are husbands of thirty wives and fathers of seventy-five or a hundred children apiece, it doesn't take long to double up the population.

On December 13, 1884, as the New-York Tribune notes, the prices of all products were at the lowest level ever reached by them in this country. Since then there has been a slow but steady advance.

The high and serene way in which lofty editors instruct the public from information furnished by some rollicking exchange of no pretensions shows how dignified stupidity gets the credit of wisdom.

Mr. Connelly, obituary editor of the N. Y. Journal Truth, declares that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" in a new morning penny paper, which he is going to start next month.

This sage remark is found in a New-York journal of great dignity: "Terror caused by earthquakes is said to be more appalling than any one who has not felt it can realize." So!

Utah has sent to the N. O. exposition a hog weighing 1,076 pounds. New York can beat that. It has one that weighs \$150,000,000.

The Mind Reader.

"Madam Blank, Mind Reader," that is the way a poorly written shingle-sign reads as it holds congressional company with other signs: "Furnished Rooms to Let," etc., on a somewhat dilapidated house in Springfield—no matter where, and rattled in the wind that roared along the unfrequented street long since—no matter when. The GLOBE-REPUBLIC man had never had his inner consciousness clearly diagnosed by an outside party, hence he must be excused for a natural curiosity to have the thing makes his daily bread (in connection with his legs) daily brought forth and exposed in the highest style of the art.

The night was dark; the heavens were filled with sporadic attempts at rain, and the wind whirled along the streets and played high-jinks with the rattling signs, the dripping awnings, and the still more dripping shells that spattered the accumulations of bawny dew upon the wayfarer like ordinary buckets of water dropped from open windows, and was just as wet.

The house was finally reached, and a vigorous pull at a rusty knob with creaking inside wire attachments, sends a bell, somewhere in the bowels of the building, into violent and hysterical hysterics. Finally the door slowly opens, our business inquired after with great precaution, which we answer satisfactorily in a stage whisper, and are admitted. We pass along a dark hall way following the put-up set of footstep of what we suspect to be a female form, until finally we enter a room lighted only by a shaded lamp. The shade of the lamp is ornamented with a raga picture that cast its weird shadows on the wall and ceiling, and every spatter of the lamp-wick made the weird figures dance like very spooks making a night of it.

At this juncture a gentleman enters and he fairly rubs his hands with delight at seeing us. He draws us right into conversation, and we tell him how we had lost money largely and had come for some aid from the mind-reader; that the business was a new one up to its usual financial prospects, and we blamed our grandmother for most of it.

We meant the money trouble; we also were induced to contribute fifty cents for the benefit of science.

The little gentleman excuses himself finally, and promises to produce the remainder of the entertainment in short order. A form, enveloped in black from head to foot, enters, bearing a lighted tallow candle; it sits down, and we are about to rise or be risen; it speaks: "Young man, you have lost a fortune by the cruel and despicable act of one of my sex—a young grandmother. Hear what I foretell for you; eggs will advance and the buckering business, if you are patient and industrious, will enable you to regain what you have lost." Now, how did she find that out? Was what we asked ourselves as we returned homeward on that eventful night. We also wonder if that fellow whom we gazed with several little harmless illusions didn't go and give the thing away, and, as we are about to do, we had lost the money, though, by not betting that Ohio would go for Blaine.

No New Year's Calls.

The time-honored and pleasing custom of New Year's calls is fast dying out, if not already dead, in Springfield as well as elsewhere, and many reasons may be assigned for the final wearing away of this once very popular American manner of celebrating the first day of the new year. The inclination of the ordinary American mind, in seasons of festivity, is toward a too much indulgence in exhibiting stimulants, and while the ladies who dispensed the sweet, weak wine in small doses did not wisely consider that a number of such doses, supplemented by the friendly tips of something stronger at the bar, had a bewildering effect on the legs, tongue, and general deportment of the young gentlemen who honored their "open houses" on New Year's day.

So generally had intoxication followed New Year's calls, that the newspapers never failed to point a conscientious eye on the young man who went forth to call arrayed in the best of style in the morning, but returns home in a patrol wagon or on the conventional chaise, at eventide.

It has come to pass also, that New Year's calls fail to provide a cloak for business, and the boozing gone the real back-bone of pleasing custom is shattered beyond recall.

Now it is almost as much as a young man's reputation is worth to ally forth on New Year's day in his calling attire, button-hole bouquet and other festive paraphernalia, because it is so generally understood that he will be drunk before eight or eight and a half, that the errand boy himself of the prospective five, follows him at a respectable distance with a cooling brand.

Another cause for this extinction is that it costs too much to keep a high-toned, free lunch house even for one day in the year, and hence many have abandoned it. Then again a fellow can send a highly ornamental card to his lady friend, and get roaring drunk at the club or saloon, with the boys, in his business suit. So it appears that the hilarity of the occasion is removed from the parlors on the fashionable avenues to the club-rooms or gilded apartments of public resort, and the proceeds of the occasion go directly to the vendors of the festive gin-cold-kat.

There is no reason, however, why the general good cheer, the sweet odor and genial hospitality of New Year's day should mark the advent of a new year in the calendar of our lives, or that its hopeful cheerfulness and good will should not extend to every day in the year round year.

A STORY OF A YEAR CALLED RACE.

Another Leaf Turned in the Events of 1884, in an Issue of Springfield.

Last Sunday's GLOBE-REPUBLIC contained the first installment of the local history of 1884, and carried the events of the year up to August 1. The story continues from that date:

August 1. Pickpockets do Jacob Baker at the depot and escape in the crowd, waiting to take the "Dayton Monument" excursion train. Dayton puts the white trash on Springfield in the Gem City, some 3 to 6. The Fire-and-Forty Blackbirds take a hand at base ball, and score \$40 for charity.

2. Just before the primary election battle; Bushnell meeting at Blackie, and Keifer ditto on the public square; much music and much fireworks.

3. Bushnell's majority 589.

4. J. T. Warner presents Joseph Foster a seventy-five-acre field of grass, which the neighbors and friends cut for him. Mr. Foster had lost heavily by fire.

5. Congressional Convention opens at Blackie; first ballot taken at afternoon session. Dayton draws Springfield at base ball, score 9 to 2.

6. Fruitless balloting all day in the convention.

7. Balloting continues until the evening session, when Hon. John Little, of Greene, is nominated on the 574th ballot.

8. Springfield beats Portsmouth at ball, score 9 to 1.

9. Base ball at Ironton; victory for Springfield, score 12 to 5.

10. Prize cup shooting, won by Hinkle. Another ball game at Ironton; score 9 to 2 for Springfield. Death of Stewart A. Lasley.

11. Exercise on the diamond; Hamilton gets beat by Springfield, score 7 to 4.

12. Blaine and Logan clubs begin to bloom. Death of William J. Wheeler, an old citizen. Hamilton vs. Springfield, score 9 to 2, in favor of the latter.

13. Death of Mrs. Margaret M. Dunlap.

14. Horrible death of Charles Beard, consigned to a burning wood-shed. Springfield vs. Portsmouth, score 4 to 1 for Portsmouth.

15. Ironton vs. Springfield, score 13 to 3 for the latter.

16. Ironton shut out by Springfield.

17. New Art Hall at Fair Grounds completed.

18. County fair opens. Portsmouth vs. Springfield 6 to 7, in favor of Springfield. Live-bird shoot.

19. Lehigh re-united.

20. Death of Eddie Driscoll.

21. Death of Louis Bancroft, aged 92. About this time the gas arrives at the Central engine house.

22. The Ben. Butler club organized.

23. Re-union of 31st O. V. I. The donation of patrol wagon and horses made to the city by A. S. Bushnell. The first burglar ever taken in the act, captured by officer O. D. Reed at Adam Lickhiser's, West Peaceant street; his name given as C. S. May.

24. Wild demonstrations of joy over the defeat of the Dayton club by Springfield, score 3 to 0, on the home grounds.

25. Springfield vs. Ironton, score 8 to 3 for the former. Opening of West End Republican Wigwam.

26. Death of Amos Barr, aged nearly seventy-five years.

27. Ohio Conference M. P. church opens.

28. The alligator having escaped from the Western engine house is found in W. S. Dent's cellar to-day.

29. Springfield defeats Dayton in this city, score 2 to 1.

30. Mixed schools voted down by the city School Board. Corner stone of the La-goda Congregational chapel laid. 1,000 people go to Dayton to witness the defeat of the Springfield, score 3 to 2.

31. Baptist Association.

32. The earth-quake shock, or something like it. Springfield slugs Hamilton, score 13 to 2.

33. Elmer Ranyan, bell boy at the Arcade, while playing with a revolver with Johnny Porter, is accidentally shot and dies instantly.

34. Death of Casper Hahn.

35. Firemen of Dayton play our boys a short game of ball in the rain.

36. Hendricks speaks at the depot and dines at the Arcade. Torchlight grow numerous and brilliant, at night, about this time.

37. John Wren assigns.

38. Immense demonstrations in reception of Blaine.

39. Death of Mrs. Adeline M. Ogden, aged 78.

40. St. John, the prohibitionist, speaks at the depot.

41. Ogden surprises the city by a brief halt at the depot.

42. Artopet-Smith nuptials.

43. Death of Mrs. Martha B. Wilson, aged 81.

44. The GLOBE-REPUBLIC appears in a red dress, and many illustrations expressions of joy over the State election. Mayor Constantine presented with a warrant of arrest by Norris, sworn out by a colored man charging the Mayor with attempt to prevent voting. The Mayor "sniffed" at it, and the warrant was withdrawn.

45. Shepherd-Hosterman wedding.

46. Official vote of the county, 12,907; Republican, 7,283; Democratic, 5,319; People's, 31; Prohibitionist, 127.

47. The Ping Hing Battalion leave for Indianapolis, 2,000 strong, to receive Blaine. D. S. Morrow's safe blown and rifled.

48. Death of A. F. Greene.

49. Mayor Constantine "badged" for appointing forty-eight special police to guard the polls on election day, by his party friends.

50. Death of Col. Edward M. Doty, aged 66 years. Enumeration of youth of school age in the city, 8,669 between the ages of 10 and 21. Whites, boys, 3,968; girls, 3,692. Colored, boys, 481; girls, 528.

51. Not a President making is a drizzling rain. Republican gain 256 in the county. Both parties jolly over the election.

52. The Kinnane-Steele affair.

53. Death of C. F. Yakey, at Sidney, O.

54. Death of Miss Mary B. Arnold. Owen Daily burned alive in the Limestone street sewer.

55. Coble sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years.

56. Death of H. H. Wolf.

57. Death of James S. Christie.

58. Death of E. M. Buckingham.

59. Hengst-Croft nuptials. Triple murder by Dr. John Maxwell.

60. Dec. 15. Olden walks at the Wigwam.

61. Dedication of Lagoda Congregational Chapel.

62. "The Meesh" at the Grand.

63. Glorious January days.

The faces of the Springfield hotel men are wreathing with smiles.

Not so many idle men about the street corners as in December.

Springfield's sparrow-population may have given them a boom out of the winter weather.

From the rush of commercial travelers at the hotels, it is beginning to look like the good old times again.

Are the pullings of postboard-shovers, so audaciously begun, going to stop at the beginning? Police! police!

Judge Little thinks he will have no difficulty in pushing Springfield into the unmarshaled glades of cities.

The men who never advertise, or who advertise by fits and starts, is still very gloomy about the outlook of business in Springfield.

A really fine crayon portrait of the late Amos Barr, by a Baltimore artist, may be seen in Mr. John S. Barr's window, on Limestone street, for a few days.

Mrs. Davis, of Barre, Vt., is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Davis, and Miss Davis, her niece, and a teacher in the public schools, at their residence on Clark street.

The splendid sunshine of these moderate winter days gives new courage to the disconsolate. Nothing like the good old bright face of the sun to put enterprise into man's heart.

Providence is going to be scarce around here next season. The farmers of the vicinity are going to quit farming and go to raising hogs on Mark Twain's plan for raising chickens. It seems to pay better.

Since our accidental report of the Springfield cocking again the other day, we don't remember to have heard a cock crow hereabouts. But the young society roosters that ruffled their feathers in that pit seem to plume themselves as gracefully as ever.

The excitement about who is to be mayor, and how, seems to have experienced a little lull. Let not this important question die out of the minds of those who don't want to be mayor—there is no danger of its dying out of the other fellow's mind. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good mayor for Springfield.

The query is raised in Springfield among his constituents, divided as they are among taxers, licensees, and prohibitionists, how Judge Little will make his record on the great question, if Thorpe or some other northern rural romantic shall spring a prohibitionist amendment on the legislative magazine at Columbus.

Several persons are in town selling the farmers Bohemian pots for seed. This looks like a rather steep price; but the name ought to be worth something extra to the country boys. "Sowing Bohemian seeds" sounds much nicer than "sowing wild oats," and the flavor of money is present to render both processes attractive.

The "Canaries" of the city are requested to assemble in full force this morning at headquarters, corner of Main and Limestone streets, as soon as the sun has warmed the air sufficiently for their delicate constitutions. Rumor has it that several ladies will attempt to pass the corner, which, if they succeed, will be a lasting disgrace to the club.

Somebody has been lecturing to the Xenia boys on the benefits of pedestrianism and the "walking crane" has struck the town broadside on. That's all well enough when the boys do not forget to return, but when they go walking—under two days, for instance, and never show up again, it is unhandy for those they leave behind sometimes.

Rev. R. J. Poston, pastor of Clifton Avenue Free-will Baptist church, will commence a series of special meetings in this church Sunday evening, January 12th, and will continue them each night during the week. The condition of this congregation is such now as to give promise of an enjoyable and profitable meeting. The pastor will be assisted in the meetings by clergymen from different parts of the State. The public are cordially invited to attend.

like it. Springfield slugs Hamilton, score 13 to 2.

33. Elmer R